THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Printed by *Woodruff & Pechin*, N°. 224, Market-ſtreet, near Seventh-ſtreet.

Vol. I. *Saturday, September* 26, 1795. No. 34.

THE CHOICE.

'Tis not a ſet of features or complexion,
The tincture of the ſkin that I admire:
Beauty ſtarts in the eye, palls on the ſenſe,
And ſoon grows familiar to the lover.

Addiſon's Cato.

"THE laſt ſighs of a handſome woman," ſays the polite and accompliſhed Monſieur St. Evremont, "are not ſo much for the loſs of her life as her beauty." And, truly, thoſe women, on whom Nature has beſtowed her favours with a liberal hand, are too much enamoured with the charms of their perſons to attend to the improvement of the more laſting graces of the mind; and the loſs of twenty lovers excites not half the pain, which the leaſt diminution of beauty would occaſion. But I am of opinion, this total diſregard of mental accompliſhments in the fair ſex, is more generally owing to the flattery of our own, who are too often dazzled with the tinſel glare of beauty. Were the latter leſs injudicious in their choice, the former, I am perſuaded, would endeavour to be more deſerving: for ſuch is the prejudice in favour of a handſome woman, that let her diſcourſe be ever ſo abſurd, ridiculous, nay, even fooliſh, ſhe is heard with reſpect, and her ſentiments, though they betray ignorance the moſt groſs in nature, are adopted with avidity, while thoſe of an ordinary woman, replete with elegance of diction, and rational obſervations, can claim, in the preſence of ſuch an one, but a ſmall ſhare of attention; if they are not even treated with contempt. To pleaſe and captivate the men, to inſult and tyrannize over the abject, trembling lover, ſeems to be the only buſineſs of a handſome woman. To this end her every moment is dedicated to the adorning of her perſon; on this ſhallow baſis ſhe reſts her hopes of happineſs: and ſhould ſhe be perſuaded to yield to the ſolicitations of ſome favourite youth, ſome deſerving man, the idea of the vaſt honour ſhe has done him, in beſtowing her hand, when ſcores of lovers were dying at her feet, is ſo predominant in her mind, that the reflection increaſes her haughtineſs; and the deluded lover, inſtead of meeting in the object of his choice, the ſocial friend, the tender mother, and the affectionate partner, which he had vainly promiſed himſelf, finds every moment embittered with diſappointment and regret. Shake off, then, ye lovers, that mean and groveling adulation which, at the ſhrine of Beauty, ye indiſcreetly offer; and, adopting the advice of that plain honeſt philoſopher, Epictetus, endeavor, by all means, to make the women ſenſible, that the honour paid them is only on account of their conducting themſelves with virtue, modeſty, and diſcretion.

May the example of the ſpirited Lorenzo, pourtrayed in the following narrative, while it removes from the deportment of the men the ſervile ſpirit of adulation, operate as a caution to the unthinking, giddy fair, how they treat with indifference the affections of a worthy object, and convince them, that when Nature graced them with beauty, ſhe gave them no licenſe for the exerciſe of a degrading and contemptuous pride!

Lorenzo was the only ſon of an independent gentleman; and Cardenia the wealthy heireſs of a noble peer. An intimacy, cemented by the bond of friendſhip, had long ſubſiſted between their families; and the union of theſe young people was an event much deſired by their parents. The gentleman was juſt arrived from his travels; and the lady had paſt but one winter in the circles of faſhion ſince ſhe came from the care of her governante. Lorenzo, to a graceful perſon, and captivating addreſs, joined the more valuable acquiſitions of a cultivated and enlightened mind. Cardenia was beauty's ſelf. Her mind—a blank. A barren ſoil, unenriched by Learning's lore; where Pride and her empty train held ſovereign rule. The hour which gave the infant beauty birth, robbed of life the agonizing parent. To the care of one, who never felt a mother's pangs, nor knew a mother's joys, the little ſtranger was committed; and though her noble father withheld no expence that might improve each fair perfection of the mind, either from neglect, or injudicious treatment, the fond deſire was defeated; and Cardenia iſſued from the hands of her tutoreſs, rich only in the graces of her perſon. Such was the intended bride of the accompliſhed Lorenzo. At the moment of introduction to each other, they were fully acquainted with the wiſhes of their parents; an information which, while it threw Lorenzo into the moſt painful embarraſſment, ſeemed to make little impreſſion on the mind of Cardenia, who treated marriage as a thing of courſe; and while ſhe was per[illegible] to enjoy her pleaſures, and purſue uncontrouled the phantom of faſhion, was indifferent to whom ſhe gave her hand. Her heart was wedded to its follies.

Lorenzo was captivated with her beauty and elegance; and a few interviews ſerved to confirm Cardenia's triumph over his heart. To his diffident and tremulous ſolicitations, that ſhe would permit him to addreſs her in the language of love, ſhe anſwered, with unanimated geſture—"Yes." And to the impaſſioned hope, that ſhe would beſtow on him her hand, ſhe replied, with an air of indifference, that pained his ſoul—"As it is the wiſh of the lord, my father, that I ſhould, I feel no inclination to diſpute his choice."

Fruitleſs, though arduous, were the attempts of the diſtracted Lorenzo, to inſpire the unfeeling beauty with a mutual fondneſs. Frequently has he paced, with anxious ſteps, her antichamber, in hopes to catch a glimpſe of the tyrant of his heart; while ſhe, regardleſs of his inquietudes, his wiſhes, and his love, has waſted whole hours at the toilette, in embelliſhing thoſe charms which had already proved fatal to the peace of a deſerving youth. In one of theſe painful waitings his patience became exhauſted; and, taking from his finger a diamond ring, he wrote, on a pane of glaſs, the following

STANZAS,

Addreſſed to the Fair.

BENEATH the roſe that mild appears,
Th' envenom'd thorn we find;
And oft the form, that Beauty wears,
Conceals a canker'd mind.

The nymph, poſſeſs'd of Beauty's charms,
The praiſe of Fame may ſhare;
But ſhe, whom love of virtue warms,
Is ſtill ths loveliеſt fair.

While that attends the flatt'ring glaſs,
To deck her beauteous face;
This, as the fleeting moments paſs,
Improves each mental grace.

Accept the hint, ye lovely fair,
Nor Friendſhip's voice deſpiſe;
For ſoon will Time's rude hand impair
The bauble that ye prize.

Scarce had he compleated the laſt line, before the door opened; and, turning round, warm with the hope of meeting the miſtreſs of his affections, the friend of her ladyſhip, the amiable Conſtantia, met his view, and in trembling accents delivered the commands with which the haughty beauty had entruſted her. "Not ſee me!" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed youth. "Going out on a viſit of importance! Oh! Cardenia! Cardenia! is it thus you treat my fondneſs? Is it thus you reward the anxious moments of ſuſpence? Cruel, unfeeling woman! But you may repent this uſage. Hark'e, Madam," continued the diſtracted lover, ſeizing, in violent agitation, the hand of Conſtantia; "go tell your proud and ſcornful couſin, that that ——" Here he pauſed; and, looking on Conſtantia, ſaw the tears of kindred pity flowing from her eyes. "Weepeſt thou, my girl!" ſaid he, "and for a ſtranger's ſorrows, too! Oh! that yon bewitching beauty but poſſeſſed this ſoft emotion that ſwells thy lovely boſom! Had ſhe but thy heart, thy mind, thy ſoul, the wretched, loſt Lorenzo, would then be raiſed as far above the reach of pain, as his agonized ſoul is now ſunk into the abyſs of deſpair!"

"Not wholly for your ſorrows, Sir," ſaid the bluſhing Conſtantia, as ſhe retired, "flow theſe tears; the miſeries which I endure have in them a ſhare: for while the pangs of hopeleſs love rend your breaſt, they wound my boſom too."

"For while the pangs of hopeleſs love rend your breaſt, they wound my boſom too!" repeated Lorenzo. "There is myſtery in theſe words.——It muſt be ſo," continued he, after a ſhort pauſe. "Her tears, her ſighs, and more, her parting words, all force belief that I have won the fair one's gentle thoughts. Why, then, look to it, Cardenia; for thou holdeſt thy tyranny on a precarious tenure. The modeſt Conſtantia, though now a poor dependant on another's bounty, once flouriſhed in fair fortune's ſoil; and is ſtill of equal birth with thyſelf. In nothing art thou ſuperior but wealth and beauty: the one, time will deſtroy; and diſſipation, luxury, and their voluptuous attendants, may impoveriſh the other. Then frown on, proud maid, and knit in ſcorn thy angry brow; It will cool the ardour of my flame, and reſtore the freedom of my mind. The lovely Conſtantia's conſtant ſmile will every bliſs afford, will every anxious thought repel, and drive [illegible] my breaſt each lingering trace of that ill-fated paſſion the power of beauty raiſed."

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

Father of heaven! whose kind and tender hand,
In gracious care, hath rais'd my native land
To rank a nation, with fair freedom blest*
A safe asylum to thy sons oppress'd,
By persecution, and the fierce despotic sway
Of *sceptred lords*, whom wretched slaves obey.

O thou great Maker of thy fav'rite man!
Enforce the gen'rous, and the lib'ral plan;
That ev'ry being, who thy likeness wears;
That ev'ry being, who thy sacred image bears,
Is rightful heir to freedom, tho' enslav'd by those
Whose base ambition dares thy sacred will oppose.

Whilst *fire* and *blood* thro' other climes are hurl'd;
Whilst horrid wars convulse th' *older* world;
Columbia flourishes—endowed by thee
With peace, with plenty, and with liberty.
With independence, thou, our arduous struggle crown'd;
And thy rich blessings in our favour'd land abound.

Extend thy blessings;—make our bosoms glow
With unfeign'd gratitude for what we owe
To thy munificence, in which we see
More than a parent's love, express'd by thee.
A firm desire, by deeds of worth, thy name to praise,
May thine unbounded bounty in our bosoms raise.

Let this one thought induce us to befriend,
The cause of freedom, and that cause defend;
To aid the pow'r of virtue o'er the human soul;
And each unruly passion's sway controul:
Then in our favour'd land there ne'er shall be
One friend to haggard vice, or foe to liberty.

AQUARIS.

* The patriotic American will experience a heart-felt sorrow when he reflects, that *whilst his country is unequalled for its political liberty, it is unhappily disgraced by domestic slavery.*

AN AFFECTING RECITAL.

TO a feeling mind, perhaps, one of the most moving spectacles which can be presented, is that of a young man, from whose pale cheek health hath fled, sinking into an untimely grave.

This reflection, which must at times arise in the breast of every humane person, never struck me so forcibly as during a visit I once paid a very worthy friend residing in the remotest part of the state, whither he had retired for the purpose of procuring for one most dear to him the benefit of the country air.

His son—his only son—an amiable youth—for a considerable length of time, had languished in a decline.

"Poor Charles! long didst thou support, with fortitude and patience almost unexampled, thy wretched condition!" When his father, nearly broken-hearted, viewed with tears in his eyes the emaciated form of his once healthful son, this excellent youth, forgetting his unhappy situation, strove but to comfort his only surviving parents; for a gracious Providence had spared his mother the misery of beholding her dying child: But, often, vain were his attempts; and, unable to restrain the overflowings of his heart, he would retire, supported by an aged domestic, whose tottering limbs were but ill qualified for the task, and in secret pour forth tears his father never had witnessed. But never wept he for himself—his parent, and sister, the gentle Maria, alone excited the drops of commiseration.

The earth now traces her tenth circle around the glorious luminary of the heavens, since, [illegible]ed by slow degrees, he sunk into the cold arms of Death! His father survived not long: but, within a year after his son's decease, found refuge from all his sorrows in the silent grave. The grief of Maria I attempt not to describe; it was violent in the extreme; but, on that account, perhaps, of shorter duration—for the natural cheerfulness of her disposition, aided by the fairy prospects of youth, in a few years enabled her, with tranquility, to give her hand, accompanied by the purest heart that ever tenanted a human frame, to a deserving lover, who had long been dear to her.

For myself, time hath at length mellowed my grief into a pleasing melancholy. I have twice shed a tear of tender regret over the graves of my departed friends; and the sensations I then experience are so congenial to my soul, that I would not exchange them for those of the man who is numbered among the happiest of the human race.

Looking over some papers I received from the dying youth, who feared they might fall into his father's hand, and increase his grief, I found several copies of verses, all of the plaintive kind: As a specimen I have transcribed the following—

Address to Health.

AH! whither art thou flown, sweet goddess, Health?
Why is my cheek with endless sickness pale?
In vain does fortune pour her glitt'ring wealth;
Unbless'd by thee, I only can bewail!

The glimm'ring taper, dark'ning, dies away,
Ere in sweet sleep my heavy eye-lids close;
The Sun o'er yon high mountain darts his ray,
Ere sinks my wearied frame to calm repose.

Nor, oft, e'en this to enjoy, is it my lot;
By troubled dreams my anxious soul's oppress'd:
In sweet oblivion, all their cares forgot,
While others sleep, I only find no rest.

Scarce has the circling year beheld my prime;
My nerves the strength of manhood hath not brac'd;
But to the silent grave, behold my time,
Ere age demands, pale sickness bids me haste.

The vital spark not gently dies away;
But, quench'd by the hand of violence expires!
So fall I Death's poor, weak, defenceless prey,
While not e'en hope one pleasing tho't inspires!

I can no more—so long as life remains,
How small the share of pleasure I may know!
While flows the purple current thro' my veins,
No soothing pow'r can ease give to my woe.

THEODORE.—*A Fragment.*

——THE eve was damp and chill—darkness veiled the face of the sky—the deep roared, and the mad billows lashed the rugged beach. Theodore was seated on a cliff overlooking the sea shore:—his face was pale and emaciated—his hair hung in wild disorder, and he was beating his breast in despair. The remains of his departed Maria had been just committed to the dust. Distracted he had followed the hearse; and after the sad ceremony of interment, had sat bathing the sod of his consort with many a tear. Desparation had driven him hither. In melancholy transport he exclaimed:—"My fair one, my beloved, the idol of my soul, the pride of nature, is gone, is ravished from me! Roar louder, ye seas,! ye winds howl! pour down, ye rains, a deluge! groan, ye elements in concert with my woe!" He paused with unutterable anguish. Spent with complaint he reclined his head on a rock, and fell asleep. The gale strengthed—the rains descended in torrents—the seas boiled with fury, hoarse thunders rumbled—and keen lightening darted from the heavens!—Theodore, the shivering and almost expiring Theodore, once more awoke, and cast his eyes upwards. At that instant a bolt from the impending cloud, commissioned by indulgent fate closed them forever.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

On Mr. W—'s address to Miss V.

IN borrow'd plumes the swain is dress't,
To sing the beauties of the fair,
And *Pindar* aids his sad distress,
And saves his life from "*DARK despair.*"

For nine long days the anxious swain
Apollo's interest did intreat;
Enrag'd, he cry'd your suit is vain,
Behind the counter take your seat.

TRIM.

THE TEAR.

OH! that the Chymist's magic art
Could chrystalize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure,

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

ANECDOTES.

AS a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer, sir, do you ever make any mistakes in pleading? I do, said the lawyer. And what do you do with mistakes? said the minister. Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go, said the lawyer. And pray sir, continued he, do you ever make any mistakes in preaching? yes, sir, said the minister, I do. And what do you do with mistakes said the lawyer. Why sir, I dispense with them much in the same way you just observed: I rectify large ones, and neglect small ones. Not long since, continued he as I was preaching, I went to observe that the devil was the father of *liars*, but mistook, and said *lawyers*, and the mistake was so small, I let it go.

DURING the time of the attack of Sullivan's-island, General Lee was reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. "'Sdeath, Sir," cried Lee, "what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?" "So I understand, Sir," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

THE Reverend Mr. ENFIELD, editor of the English Preacher, and many other valuable performances, preached from the following text, the first Sunday after he was married—"Have pity upon "me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the "hand of God hath touched me." Job xix. 21.

Philadelphia, *Sept.* 26.

The Governor of this State has iſſued his proclamation extending the prohibition of the intercourſe with New-York and Norfolk, for one month from the 21ſt inſt. alſo, requiring all magiſtrates &c. to prevent the intercourſe accordingly.

A petition to the Federal Houſe of Repreſentatives on the ſubject of the Treaty with Britain, is circulating for ſignature to the Southward, and one alſo in New-Jerſey.

Extract of a letter, dated New-York the 23d inſtant.

"The cool weather has had very little effect as yet on the fever—the number of deaths being nearly the ſame.

"The city is deſerted—numbers of families have removed and are removing: many of the ſtores are ſhut up, and very little buſineſs is doing."

Extract of a letter from New-York, dated 24th Sept.

"The mortality of Tueſday and Wedneſday is ſaid to be 34, namely, 15 on Tueſday and 19 yeſterday. I am aſſured however, from eminent Phyſicians of extenſive practice, that very few new caſes have occurred within the laſt 48 hours: bleſſed be God for this favourable circumſtance.

HEALTH OFFICE,

Philadelphia, September 23, 1795.

The inſpectors of the Health-Office, being informed that ſundry perſons in violation of the Governor's proclamation, and in contempt of the reſolutions of this board, have in ſeveral inſtances evaded the guards, and entered the City from infected places:—

WHEREFORE all good citizens are hereby earneſtly called on to co-operate with them in carrying the ſaid Proclamations into effect, by giving the earlieſt information to the inſpectors, or to the Health-Officer of the Port, of any perſon or perſons that ſhall enter the city, either by land or water, contrary to the true intent and meaning of the ſaid Proclamations; that ſuch delinquents may be proſecuted according to law,

By order of the Board,

ROBERT SMITH, Chairman.
JOHN KAIGHN, Secretary.

Extract of a letter from a reſpectable character, dated Bermuda, Auguſt 13, 1795, via Norfolk.

"It may not be amiſs to inform you, that the privateers from this iſland, are bringing in all veſſels from France indiſcriminately, and all veſſels from the continent, bound to France with proviſions on board. The Hamilton from Alexandria, for France, arrived a few days ago. There are here now 18 ſail of American ſhips and brigs, and the conduct they are now obſerving to the Captains and crews, is highly alarming and cruel. They leave no perſon on board the captured veſſel, except the Capt. The mates ſeamen, paſſengers, &c. are kept on board the privateers, or ſhips of war, during the cruize and made to do duty."

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 19.

Extracts of two letters, dated the 3d and 15th current from Norfolk, which the writer emphatically calls the grave of Europeans.

"Faint and emaciated, I muſt remove the anxiety you expreſs for us—numerous as this family is, we have all felt, yet all eſcaped, the dreadful fever that now rages here—deſcription falls ſhort of its ravages; the grave yard, opened every day for additional victims, appears a perfect ſallow. The deaths are, on an average, from 12 to 15 daily. Mr. White, whom you muſt have formerly known in Dublin, ſurvives a pitiable ſpectacle of its malignity. His eldeſt ſon, a much reſpected youth of 22, was the firſt victim; with unſatiated rage it conſigned his three remaining children to the grave, in leſs than a fortnight. His afflicted wife, tortured by theſe ſufferings, was at length attacked, and, to heighten the calamitous ſcene, was delivered of an infant a few hours previous to her diſſolution. Mr. Brent, an amiable character, and who, I underſtand, has two brothers in Alexandria, ſwells the diſmal catalogue.

What is yet more diſtreſſing, is to ſee it extending its baneful influence to the neighbouring towns. The meaſures which you mention to have been adopted by your council, are moſt prudential, and neceſſary, but the ſtricteſt vigilance can alone ſecond their endeavours. May God preſerve you all."

FREDERICKSBURGH, September 18.

Received by laſt night's mail, the Anſwer of the Preſident of the U. States, to the addreſs and reſolutions of the meeting at Frederickſburgh, on the 18th ult. concerning the treaty lately negociated with Great Britain.

United States, September 14, 1795.

To WILLIAN HARVEY, Eſq.

SIR,

"I received the addreſs and reſolutions of the meeting at Frederickſburgh, on the 20th ult. concerning the treaty lately negociated with Great Britain, deſiring that it might not receive my aſſent.

While I regret the diverſity of ſentiment, which has appeared on this ſubject, I feel a grateful ſenſe of the confidence expreſſed by the meeting in the juſtneſs of the motives which have heretofore influenced my public conduct; and I beg them to be aſſured, that in ratifying the treaty, thoſe principles and a ſincere deſire to promote the true intereſts of my country, dictated my deciſion.

With due reſpect,

I am,

Your obedient,

G. WASHINGTON.

Intelligence by the Montezuma, *Capt.* Chace, *arrived at* Baltimore *from* London.

LONDON, July 21.

The moſt prominent facts in the Paris papers, from the 11th to the 18th inſt. relate to the operations in the weſtern departments. The diſpatches from the army of the weſt are dated the 8th inſt. they ſtate, that the emigrants are cloſely blockaded at Quiberoon: that in a ſortie which they made in the evening of the 7th, they were repulſed with the loſs of one of their principal officers, La Houſſaye.—Another diſpatch from Vannes, dated alſo the 8th inſt. ſtates, that the Emigrants and Engliſh are ſo cloſely blockaded, that it is impoſſible for them to form a junction with the Chouans by land.

Charette appears at length to have taken a decided part, and to have declared in favour of the royaliſts. The manifeſto which has been publiſhed under his name is a curious production.

NATIONAL CONVENTION, July 14.

Cambaceres, in the name of the committee of public Safety, read the following letter from Moncey, general in chief of the army of the Weſtern Pyrenees:

Head Quarters, St. Sebaſtian, July 6.

"The execution of the new plan of the campaign has been attended with the moſt complete ſucceſs. On the firſt attack, which took place on the 11th, the enemy aſtoniſhed at the rapid progreſs of the republican columns, fled on all ſides before them. They rallied on the other ſide of the Deva, but our troops paſſed that river, and carried, by ſtorm, the entrenchments which defend it. They got poſſeſſion of nine pieces of cannon; the field of battle was covered with dead bodies; 200 were taken priſoners, and a pair of colours was taken. On our left the enemy were all routed, and our troops continued their march to ſurprize them in their quarters at Bergara. The enemy, ſtill amazed at ſo much rapidity effected their retreat to the heights of Montragon, and thus eſcaped our troops. The morning of the 12th was conſecrated to repoſe, of which our ſoldiers ſtood much in need, after the engagement of the evening; but in the afternoon they again ſet off to attack the important poſt of Lescombery. The enemy dared not to wait their approach, and, in their panic, abandoned even the entrenched camp which they had in the ſecond line, where they did not conceive themſelves to be ſafe from our impetuoſity.

"On the 15th, at three o'clock in the morning, all the columns of the army were under arms, but to their regret they found no enemy. By that time the enemy had taken an opportunity to retreat to the heights of Ham, a formidable poſition which covers Pampeluna. We loſt only eight men: the number of our wounded is inconſiderable. The troops deſerve every praiſe.

"Signed, &c.

The Convention decreed, that the army of the Weſtern Pyrennees has not ceaſed to deſerve well of their country.

Hymeneal Court.

MARRIED,

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Thomas Uſtick, Mr. JOHN COLLARD to Mrs. ELIZABETH KLINGEL, both of this city.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. SAMUEL DONNECKER to the amiable and greatly accompliſhed Miſs CATHARINE HELSEL, both of this city.

DIED on Thurſday laſt, poignantly regretted by numerous and reſpectable friends and connexions, the truly amiable Miſs *Abigail Stevens*, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Stevens of this city. Although a panegyric on the dead has been generally exploded, yet conſpicuous excellencies challenge a diſpaſſionate delineation. A faithful mirror of conſummate virtues and permanent accompliſhments, will emulate youthful cotemporaries, and at the ſame time exhibit the fallacy of a too fond attachment to ſublunary objects. In the morn of exiſtence, the full bloom of youth, ſurrounded by the moſt flattering proſpects to render life delectable, the irreſiſtible mandate arreſted the mortal progreſs of virtue!

Her mind was uncommonly cultivated, and her virtues were of the moſt endearing nature—Her perſon was highly "finiſhed"—The moſt attracting complacency and benevolence ſhone in her countenance. Each beholder involuntarily admired the ſweet benignity of her aſpect. Her converſation was remarkably chaſte and exemplary, diſcovering the purity and excellence of her mind. Lamented by all, her remains have paſſed to the ſilent *bourne*, the deſtined receptacle of mortality. And her beatified ſpirit has no doubt been received into the regions of an *ever-beginning, never-ending* ſtate of conſummate bleſſedneſs. A principle of unerring truth dictates the preceding encomium—Her ſcc[illegible]tances realize her uncommon merits, and bedew her grave with tears of the tendereſt affliction.

Errata—*In the firſt column of the laſt page, fourteenth line from the bottom, for* patriotic fallibility, *read* political fallibility.

Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

From a gentleman to his sweetheart, upon her having sent her picture to him.

'TIS true, creative man, thine art can teach,
The living picture every thing but speech!—
True, thou hast drawn her, as she is, all fair,
Divinely fair! her lips, her eyes, her hair!
Full well I know the smile upon that face—
Full well I know those features, every grace;
But what is this—my B's mortal part—
There is a subject beggars all thine art:
Paint but her mind, by Heaven! and thou shalt be,
Shalt be my more than Pagan Deity.
Nature may possibly have cast, of old,
Some other beauty in as fair a mould—
But all in vain, you'll search the world to find,
Another beauty with so fair a mind,

Z. P.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Messrs. Printers,

IN my former communication I advanced several decisive reasons, against involving myself in a political disputation with the encomiasts of the Federal Politician; but as your "Reader" has challenged me to a literary discussion, upon the merits of this work, and branded me with the imputation of cowardice, and pusillanimity; I shall vindicate my promise in order to corroborate my former assertions; for I despise the gasconade of my opponent, as much as the vengeance of his sword. My sole apprehension in this discussion is, that curiosity, which is the usual concomitant of political strictures, will have a tendency to promote the sale of a work calculated to lull the nation into that implicit dormancy of investigation, which will eventually lead to the completion of an aristocratical establishment. When Sterne was told that only a small pamphlet had appeared against his Tristram Shandy, he exclaimed, Would to God there had been an hundred! and it is probable that the Reader is the author of the Federal Politician, and wishes to excite a controversy, that he may be benefited by the result. That a sycophantic foreigner disciplined to Italian despotism, should emigrate to this country and assume the sovereign dictatorship, and the courtly eulogium of a Blackstone upon the transcendant integrity of our government and confederacy, either manifests some sinister purpose, or an expectation of official promotion and emolument. Though our author professes so much refined philanthropy, friendship and mosaical meekness, yet from the violent gusts of an inordinate passion that frequently seized him, it is evident our enamorato, were he vested with power, would pursue "these pests to society" who inculcate the doctrine of patriotic fallibility, with the smoking sword of inquisitorial vengeance.

In his address "to his enemies" he seems quite apprehensive that his calumnies will excite the odium of a very considerable class of citizens, and indeed from the complexion of what precedes, this is a very natural anticipation. Some such specific was therefore essentially necessary to qualify the virulence so indiscriminately discharged upon those misguided anti-federal traitors. But let us listen to the delusive blandishments of our male Siren, and mark the melting accents of his laconic apostrophe to man.

"My dear brothers! In enmity there can be no justice, no satisfaction, no happiness; my love shall not depart from thee." Celestial sounds! But—alas! notwithstanding the thundergusts of misanthropy sometimes deform the visage of our incomparable lover: he proclaims that those demons incarnate the antifederalists, "merit an iron cage for their habitation, where all the antifederals should lodge." In his paroxysms of phrenzy and infatuation, he sounds the dismal tocsin, and strives to persuade the Union, that "war is necessary to bring such lawless disturbers of the public tranquility, to a sense of their duty!" Is this seriousness? or the impulse of idiocy? Are the antifederalists really so formidable a banditti, that war is necessary to extirpate them? The far greater proportion of them were certainly very conspicuous patriots in the revolution, and for God sake "dear brother" do not sacrifice those peaceable and innocent citizens, to appease your ferocity and indignation.

AMEN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Messrs. Printers,

ONE of the most contemptible propensities in literary novices, is the desire of being accounted adepts in sciences which are beyond the sphere of their comprehension. Thus many who have cursorily turned over a few pages of Locke, fancy they have radically imbibed an extensive knowledge of the complicate tenets of that celebrated author; and while learning confers an honorary pre-eminence, the weak and superficial will ever affect to display their intellectual superiority, by the powers of sophism; but to men of candid discernment it will be easy to discriminate between genuine wisdom and the ebullition of a frothy imagination.

The literary jargon and incoherency of Aquaris, has for a considerable length of time insulted the refined understandings of your philosophical readers, and his systematic nonsense if not timely detected, might, with some perhaps pass current for the gravity of wisdom. I know that controversial proximity is rather incompatible with the principles of your paper, and therefore I would observe with abstract conciseness, that it is impossible to conceive a more perfect jumble of error and ignorance, than the strictures of this metaphysical quack. A certain pedantic poverty of knowledge, an entire misconstruction of an explicit context upon which he comments, and a chaos of the most wretched confusion, characterize the babyish critiques of this loquacious idiot; his manner would induce a rational belief that his nonsense was either fabricated in his sleep, or formed by an indiscriminate use of the letters of the alphabet. But let us amuse ourselves with a dish of his idiocy.

"I promised to show that our Naturalist's theory of the self-existence of matter, rests on the "nimsy basis" of assertion."

Can the theories of the creation or the eternity of matter, rest upon any other basis but that of assertion? What proof can be adduced that it is either created, or eternal? The scriptures themselves do not warrant the belief that God created matter, any more than he created space or extension. The original Hebrew word is *formed* and not *created*; God formed the world, and this expression is a tacit implication that it was formed out of pre-existent materials, and not out of nothing.

"Hence he impudently asserts "its (the earth's) constituent atoms are incapable of annihilation."

Can our ape prove that it is incapable of annihilation by the chymical analysis of fire, water, air or any other material process with which we are acquainted? has he any analogical mode of proving that it has not existed from eternity, and that it has always retained the properties of gravitation and cohesion? After a long string of quotations from the Naturalist, which he was unable to controvert, our idiot winds up with this *nervous* scholium, and the philosophical reader will observe with what *potency* of argument, he controverts the doctrine of the Naturalist.

"Such are the arguments advanced by our dogmatical *retailer* in metaphysics;—and indeed they are sufficient to *prove* that the ideas which he attempts to convey, never originated in *his* imagination."

Then they must have originated in some other person's imagination. But is it not a most curious mode of controverting a man's arguments by accusing him of plagiarism? If the Naturalist is only a "retailer" why does not our nincompoop attack the source from which he retails? When our scribbler finds himself involved in difficulties he extricates himself from his distressing dilemma by a little fustian and verbosity, thus—

"But they (the Naturalist's arguments) are too weak to *convince*, and come from a writer too despicable to persuade us that matter has eternally existed."

This bears a remarkable semblance to the logic of children, who oppose a position by the emphatical assertion of *no it is n't*.

"The advocates for the *self-existence* of matter, are generally more modest than our *self-entitled* Naturalist."

This is only a slight mutation of that *very ignominious* and appositely *ingenious* term "*self-created*."

"The Naturalist asserts—"Though there is an eternity of matter, there is not an eternity of *specific forms*."

His animadversion on this sentence, [illegible] unrivalled in the legends of nonsense: By the conciseness of this sentence, the Naturalist appears to have been anxious to avoid the routine of physical pleonasm, and it is sufficiently explicit to those who have the least philosophical penetration. The obvious import of this sentence in plain language is, though the very finest component particles of bodies are eternal, yet there is not an eternity of certain gross combinations of matter. A tree, a bird, a man, are *specific forms* which will "vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision," but according to the gibberish of our *metaphysician*, who opposes this system, they are to live forever in their present state.

"Here is a plain contradiction; forms have been eternally changing, but they are not eternal."

This quaint phrase, I must confess, has extravagantly excited my risibility. How curiously has this fancied contradiction elated our coxcomb! If *forms* have been eternally changing, is it not an undeniable consequence that *forms* are not eternal?

"How is it possible that in its first state it could be divested of properties which it afterwards acquired?"

A very fat question! which necessarily implies a supposition that the deity was incapable of enduing matter with the powers of attraction.

"In its primeval stages it must have existed in its *ultimate* elements and in a continual state of repulsion." "Does our philosopher mean that in its *first* stage it existed in its *last* elements?" &c. "Does he mean that the *same* matter in different stages exisited in different elements? or, rather does he mean any thing at all?"

Is it possible? that any scribbler could expose his ignorance by the incoherency of such a set of unphilosophical interrogations? The quaintness of these puerile questions, is an incontrovertible proof of physical inanity, grammatical ignorance, and pedantic impudence. On our novitiate. *Ultimate elements* is an expression entirely beyond his experience and conception; but if he is capable of improvement we will elucidate his mind, or rather sharpen his instinct, by a short abstract from Priestley's Disquisitions upon Matter and Spirit.* "An atom," he says, "by which I mean an *ultimate* component part of any gross body is necessarily supposed to be perfectly solid." Again "Since without it (the power of attraction) every particle would fall from each other, and be dispersed. And this being true of the *ultimate* particles, as well as gross bodies, the consequence must be, that the whole substance will absolutely vanish" &c. So that visibility and *specific forms* (even in the sense of our quack metaphysician) must consequently vanish, and matter must undergo not a virtual but an imaginary annihilation.

I have now transgressed my bounds, though I have scarcely descanted upon more than half of his elay. His errors, I found, encreased in a duplicate ratio, and I have advanced till I am surfeited with absurdities; so that I am afraid I shall never resume the subject again.

TOBY.

* *See p. 11, 12, 15.*

PRINTING,
IN ALL ITS VARIETY,
EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE,
On the most reasonable terms.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULAR LETTERS, &c.
done at the shortest notice.